

The Broken CONTRACT:

Or, The Ruin'd VIRGIN's Complaint.



YOU pretty Maidens all I pray give Ear,
Unto my sad Downfall, which I declare:
Of Parentage I am,
Near to a Gentleman:
As some now witness can the Date of Year.
At fourteen Years of Age with Grief I tell,
Many a young Man fair loved me well;
I being childish young,
believ'd his flattering Tongue,
And fix'd my Mind upon a brisk young Man.
He said, if I'd not yield with him to dwell,
He would go hang himself, wate'er befell:
He wrang and tore his Hair,
And wickedly did swear:
His Sword should end the Care before me then.
But hearing what he said, grieved me so,
I took him for my Friend, not for my Foe:
Young Man, said I, forbear,
I pray leave your Hair:
I'll ease you of your Care, and be your Bride.
Oh! how I jump'd for Joy before me then?
My Love and only Joy, happy's the Man;
he kindly me embrac'd,
and hung about my Waist;
And then my Love I plac'd on this young Man.
For two months space and more he courted me,
Day by Day, night by night he sat by me:
He let me take no Rest:
I must sleep on his Breast:
And then my Love I plac'd most desperately.

The appointed Day was set as were to wed,
But first of all he stole my Maidenhead:
My Parents did not know,
I lov'd this young Man so:
Which prov'd my Overthrow, and Ruin quite.
When I with Child did prove, and him had told
He call'd me twenty Whores, brazen and bold:
I know you not, said he,
therefore be gone from me:
This prov'd my Misery, my Love grew cold
I was ashamed to stay where I was known,
So straitway I did go from my own home:
Then wander'd up and down,
From Sea-port Town to Town:
Till I in Travail fell in the Highway.
Then taken up was I by Women-kind,
Whose Friendship for to show Nature did bind:
Delivered then I were
of two fine Babies fair:
Which caus'd me much Care: be warn'd by me.

PART II.

WAS ever Damsel so unfortunate,
As I have been; for lo, my Grief is great.
No Comfort can I find,
to ease a careful mind,
Since he is so unkind that wronged me.
My Friends and Parents dear, alas! I left,
To wander far and near, sadly bereft
Of Joy and Comfort too;
false Friend farewell, adieu;
In sorrow here I rue my wretched State.
My Infants being born, as I have told,
I then endur'd the scorn of young and old:
For they derided me,
in that sad misery:
No comfort could I see to ease my Care.
With my sweet Son and Daughter dear
To my false Love I run; when I drew near,
With Heart full of heaviness.
these words I did express,
I pray my wrongs redress, and pity me.
I laid before him then my Grief and Care
And likewise told him, when in sad despair,
I wander'd to and fro,
In sorrow, grief and woe:
And knew not where to go to hide my shame.

I told him I had no Place of Abode,
But travel to and fro till in the Road
I did in Travail fall;
my Sorrow was not small,
Having no Friend at all to succour me.
These Infants at my Breast by you I have,
And were they richly drest, they'd be as brave
As ever Sun shin'd on:
then hear my piteous moan;
And for their sakes alone Love pity me.
When I had ended thus my mournful Tale,
With a most hearty Curse he began to rail:
Striking me such a blow,
which laid me sprawling low:
With Grief my Eyes did flow my heart was full,
My little Infants cry'd while I was down,
Here was my patience try'd, for in this Town
That Night I might not stay,
but be compell'd away:
I knew not what to say, but wept full sore.
In the Town where he dwelt I was not known,
Therefore their Rage I felt; for he alone
Hired near forty more
which did abuse me fore:
Never was Soul before abus'd like me.
They drove me out of Town, few Friends I saw,
My former Bed of Downe that night was Straw,
my Infants by my side,
with bitter bruises cry'd:
And the next day they dy'd, tho' to my Grief.
Sweet Virgins fair and young take heed I pray,
Let no deluding tongue steal you away:
Least you my Grievs behold,
which have been manyfold:
Hot Love is soonest cold, I know 'tis true.

PART III.

The Gentleman's Tragedy: Or, A mournful Answer to the Ruin'd Virgin.

AS he lay on his bed that very night,
Strange Thoughts run in his head, did him
he dreamt his Love he see, (affright:
in sad Extremity:
So the next morning he bitterly cry'd.
I am that wretched Man that broke my vow,
No living Mortal can pity me now:
Bathed in tears I lie,
accus'd with perjury;
Oh! whither shall I fly to ease my Grief.
No youthful Lady fair for Beauty bright,
Could with my Love compare; tho' I did flight
Her Lamentation so,
causing her eyes to flow:
In bitter grief and woe, when in Distress.
My very Conscience flies in my Face,
How shall I make amends for the Disgrace?

which I did bring her to,
when from her Friends she flew:
My sorrow doth renew both night and day,
Why did I strike her down with blows severe?
Why did I raise the Town to wrong my Dear?
When she her Moan did make:
for her dear Infants sake; (done
With Grief my Heart will break for what I have
I'll search the Nation round both night and day,
And if she can be found without delay:
I will her pardon crave;
which if I may not have,
I'll seek a silent grave, and lay me down.
Over hills and dales he went, thro' groves he past,
To seek his Heart's Content, and came at last,
near to a River side,
where silver streams did glide:
His Lover then he 'spy'd bleeding to Death
Close by her side he found these Verses writ,
My-self did give the wound, that I might quit
my Life of Care and Grief,
since there was no Relief:
Worse than a cruel Thief my Love has been.
Like one distracted then his Locks he tore,
And often kiss'd her when bathed in Gore;
crying out as she lay,
this is the dismal Day:
Alas! what shall I say? I am the Cause.
What shall I think of this which I have done,
Then he her Lips did kiss both pale and wan:
by Sorrows compass'd round,
lying upon the Ground,
He bath'd her bleeding wound with flowing tears
He many sighs did fetch, crying amain,
None but a cruel wretch as I have been,
e'er could have serv'd thee so,
for to my Grief I know,
I wrought thy Overthrow, and ruin'd thee:
Has Death no fatal Dart that he can give?
To pierce my cruel Heart, why should I live?
Why should I here remain,
since my true Love is slain?
Oh! ease me of my pain, and let me die.
I'll go the nearest Way unto my Dear,
I will no longer stay to languish here:
this said, his Sword he drew,
and run it through and through,
And bid the World adieu, as down he fell.
You loyal Lovers all, take Notice I pray,
See you a Conscience make, and don't betray
any poor harmless Love,
lest you their Ruin prove;
For there's a God above will find you out.

Sold in Bow-church-yard.